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ON THE
VICTORY OF THE NILE,
GAINED ON THE
First of August, 1798.
Price Two Shillings.

1793-1798

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GAINED ON THE

1st of August 1798.

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ON THE

VICTORY OF THE NILE,

GAINED BY

ADMIRAL LORD NELSON,

ON THE

First of August, 1798 ;

OVER THE FRENCH FLEET, COMMANDED BY

ADMIRAL BRUEYS,

IN THE BAY OF ABOUKIR.

Hanc sine tempora circum

Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.—VIRGIL, Eclogue 8. v. 12.

London :

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES;

BY G. R. CLARKE, IPSWICH.

1800.

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Mr

Apprehensive that amidst
multitude of publications the
book should be overlooked I
have taken the liberty to send you
a copy intreating that as it is a
piece of somewhat a temporary
nature, you will favour it with
early notice. I am &c

Y^r most obed^t Serv^t

Wm. L. 18th Dec. 1840

To the Editor



of the Gentlemen

ODE.

O THOU! who borne on eagle's wings,
 Didst snatch ethereal fire,
 And sweep th' enthusiastic strings
 Of Pindar's ravish'd lyre;
 Awake, inspire th' Eolian song,
 Sublime, impetuous, fervent, strong,
 At once to raise and to refine.--
 I feel, I feel the rapture roll
 Impulsive through my swelling soul,
 In extacy divine.

I^{2.}
E D O

Heardst thou remote yon tempest break

With discontinuous roar;

And louder now approaching shake

Th' Ægean's classic shore?

'Tis victory;—whose dilated might,

Dispels the gloom of iron night,

And calls from slumbers of the dead

Glory and fame, that long had lain

Depress'd beneath the Turkish chain;

The victims of the shade.

Glittering in the golden day,

See them all their plumes display,

O'er the far extended deep,

As glancing meteors swift they sweep

Along th' untravell'd way.

Till o'er scenes of rising fear,

Egypt's distant towers appear,

On a foe in vain imploring,

Britain's thunders here are hurl'd;

In majestic terror pouring

The resentment of the world.

Fury leads the stern commotion,

Scattering carnage o'er the ocean;

Pain with fangs of blood is nigh;
Discord howls her troublous cry;
And death in every hideous form
Exults, the demon of the storm.
Sudden !---to the vaulted skies
Rushing flames volcanic rise;
Ruin breathing devastations,
Wakens the destructive fires,
Hope retreats, and life expires.
Behold ! the Gallic fleet that rode,
Boast of states, and pride of nations,
Sinking, sinking, sinking, sinking,
Deep in the relentless flood.

H. H.

Mov'd at the sight indignant war
 Subdued by pity weeps;
 And exultation heard afar,
 A pause of horror keeps.
 'Tis silence solemn as the grave,
 Glow rising from the parting wave.
 An awful form approaches nigh,
 In long and sable vesture clad,
 His cheek is wan, dejection sad
 Has fix'd that speaking eye.

- “ Prest with the weight of numerous years,
- “ With intellectual toil,
- “ A long forgotten name appears;
- “ The Genius of the Nile!
- “ He, who on Actium's fatal day,
- “ When Cleopatra steer'd away,
- “ Affrighted to her native shore
- “ The ruin saw from Pharos' brow;
- “ And plunging in the gulph below,
- “ Cried Egypt is no more.

Midnight darkness, murky air,

Realms of helpless sorrow, where

“ Memory oft retires to brood

O'er time's irremeable flood,

Confirming her despair,

“ Hold me in their dread domain

“ Struggling for release in vain.

Stamp'd by fate an awful warning,

“ By misguided power undone,

Mark the brother of the morning,

“ Empire's first and favor'd son.

Think not then superior spirit,

“ NELSON! thou whose matchless merit

- “ Conquers Rome’s imperial praise,
 “ And Cecropia’s proudest days;
 “ Ah ! think not valour can reverse,
 “ The wrath of a prophetic curse.
 “ Far from this devoted shore,
 “ Glory calls thee to restore
 “ Fallen thrones, and crush’d dominions;
 “ Offering an immortal crown,
 “ She points to yonder lucid stream,
 “ That gilds the track where eager fame
 “ Soars sublime on rapid pinions,
 “ Echoing, echoing, echoing, echoing,
 “ Round the world thy vast renown.”



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CLARKE, PRINTER, IPSWICH.

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